

never could abide figures!" And with that she began nursing her child again, singing a sort of lullaby to it as she did so, and giving it a violent shake at the end of every line:—

*"Speak roughly to your little boy,
And beat him when he sneezes;
He only does it to annoy,
Because he knows it teases."*

CHORUS

(in which the cook and the baby joined):

"Wow! wow! wow!"

While the Duchess sang the second verse of the song, she kept tossing the baby violently up and down, and the poor little thing howled so, that Alice could hardly hear the words:—

*"I speak severely to my boy,
I beat him when he sneezes;
For he can thoroughly enjoy
The pepper when he pleases!"*

CHORUS

"Wow! wow! wow!"

"Here! You may nurse the Duchess said to Alice, as she spoke. "I must go to the croquet with the Queen," she said, and she went, but it just now.

Alice caught the baby as it was a queer-shaped little thing, with its arms and legs in all directions, like a fish," thought Alice. The baby was snorting like a steam-engine, and kept doubling itself up and out again, so that altogether it was as much as two, it was as much as

As soon as she had managed to get the baby out of nursing it (which was a very difficult thing to do, of knot, and then keep the baby's head and left foot, so as to prevent it from falling), she carried it out into the garden to take this child away with her. "they're sure to kill it in the end," she said, and it be murder to leave it in the garden. She said her last words out loud, and the baby said in reply (it had left off snorting) "Don't grunt," said Alice, and she said the proper way of expressing